

This is the anniversary of the crowning of Petrarch, the Italian poet, in 1341. He met at Avignon, in 1321, Laura de Noves, who inspired his wonderful sonnets. Her relations with him were as innocent as they were inspiring.

## BIRTHRIGHT

Serial of Society, Millions, and Adventures of Two Girls  
Dan Takes Vigorous Measures to Bring His Infatuated Sister to Her Senses, and Patricia, Forseeing Trouble for Beatrice, Backs Him Up.

By Kathleen Norris.

MOTHER and son stared at her in stupefaction. Patricia, the dark blood of the "Mother," "The Heart of Rachel," "Sisters" and other famous stories, rushed to Dan's face. For a moment there was no sound in the room but the cheery crackle of the fire. Then the man standing by the mantel laid his arm across it and dropped his face on his arm. "So that's it," he said bitterly. "You're his wife."

DAN IS AMAZED. "It" she repeated in sharp surprise. "No, it's Helena. It's his—the woman we thought was his sister!"

Again Dan stared at her blankly, but the mother's voice broke the silence. "My God! This will kill Pansy, Dan," she said, her lips trembling. And suddenly firing, she added: "What kind of man is he, anyway, to hurt a little girl that way? What right has he—"

"He may have told her," Patricia suggested. But Dan shook his head. "She'd drop him like a hot brick," he asserted. And with a darkening scowl he went on: "Well, this ends it. She mustn't see him again!" He had gone to seat himself on an arm of his mother's chair, and had his arm about her shoulder; she was trembling and pale. "I'll have to get hold of her, that's the first thing," he decided, glancing at his watch, when Patricia hurriedly repeated her whole talk with Helena. "We'll have to cut the house party, I'm afraid."

"Call my cousin, Harry Eyre," Patricia directed, "and explain that you are taking Beatrice with you to the Mountainhead cabin. Then we'll go get her at the Ingersolls, and she won't see Sidney tonight."

Dan had reached for the telephone while she spoke. A moment later he put it down, and fear as well as bewilderment was in all their faces now. One of the Eyre servants had answered it with the information that Mrs. Harry and Miss Emily had left yesterday to spend New Year's Day with his sister in Denver.

"Then she'll be back here, Danny! She doesn't know it!" said Beatrice's mother agitatedly.

UTTER CONTEMPT. "My God, I don't understand this!" he said, turning to Patricia. Before she could speak, Peacock came in with a message. Miss Beatrice had telephoned from Mrs. Ingersoll's. Mrs. Palmer, to say she was going home with Miss Cheney and would telephone in the morning. Miss Beatrice had been playing bridge and was in too much of a hurry to have her mother called to the telephone.

There was the silence of utter contempt in the room when the man was gone again. Then Mrs. Palmer began to cry. Dan and Patricia both on their feet, spoke together.

"There's something up. They're going away together!"

"His sister leaves at two. Perhaps they're going with her!" Patricia added as a rapid afterthought.

"She wouldn't do that, Danny! Pansy isn't like that," faltered his mother, catching at his sleeve.

"You go on to the Ingersolls, Dan. Bring her home. Tell her mamma's ill; God knows it's true!"

"Yes, get her, Patricia added decidedly. "The thing is to get her here and tell her the whole story. Don't frighten her, Dan, and don't anger her. Just bring her home."

With one quick nod, he was gone. They could hear the deep drumming of his shoes on the stairs.

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## Is Marriage a Success?

DO WOMEN MEASURE UP?

To Experience: Your married young life, with golden girlhood dreams of an ideal man—dreams that no mere man could fulfill and if he could no woman would equal. We all dream of a perfect man, some of us acquire a little common sense as we grow older and learn a little more of life. Some of us who cannot face defeat grow bitter. I fancy you did that, and you let that bitterness, that disappointment settle upon your home. I shouldn't wonder if you didn't nag more or less.

Why didn't you live the ideal life yourself and gradually, little by little, your husband would have yielded to your influence and lived up to what you expected of him. That is just what he is doing now—substituting "down for up." That is what they do, I do firmly believe. Then is it not to a great degree our own fault?

I have been disappointed sometimes, but I am like Emerson in that I can hold fast to my ideals even though the things which I believe in fade away and are false. I shall marry some day, I hope, and with ideals that I shall have to strive with all my might to realize. I know. We cannot expect them to be clothed miraculously while we sit by complacent. If I fail I shall take my share of blame, I hope. A man is not bad because he does not measure up to our ideals. What about the man's point of view? Do we measure up?

EMERSON'S DISCIPLINE.

WHAT SHE THINKS HE IS. TO INTERVIEWER: "READER: After all it is a good thing that some of us can love a man who has sown wild oats—and perhaps is still sowing them, as there are so many more of that kind of men than real clean ones.

In fact they make the best husbands—because they have met with many different types of women, consequently understand them better.

BOOKS

Clarence Budington Kelland, whose new book, "Scattergood Raines," has just been put out by the Harpers, says that it was in a hard school that he acquired the intimate knowledge of New England shrewdness that enabled him to write this story of a Yankee "David Harum" who finds that the best way to make money is to "let smarter folks do the work for you."

Mr. Kelland is interested in a New England company which manufactures wooden articles—a business which requires that the factories be set up in back country villages near to the forests from which they draw their supply of wood. The creator of "Scattergood" speaks with the deepest respect, not to say sorrow, of the native business acumen of the inhabitants which the coming of one of his factories always brings out.

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## The Washington Times Magazine Page

### The Hundred Dollar Question

SYNOPSIS:

Edith Livingston, demobilized war worker, making her home in Washington with Grace and Bob Willard, a young married couple, and employed as secretary to Emilio Alvarez, a Mexican oil stock promoter, in a dingy little office on a side street in the National Capital.

He pays her much attention, gives her a \$500 gold note, after she has discovered him and a Japanese studying a map, and takes her to lunch.

She discovers her sweetheart, Willard, dining with a Spanish girl, who is jealous of the Spanish girl and her sweetheart is jealous of her employer. Edith becomes suspicious as to what is going on in the office. She is going on in the office. She is going on in the office. She is going on in the office.

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CARL T. THORNER.

"YES, INDEED, WE'RE OLD FRIENDS," SAID WILLARD.

particularly to "Texas Tiger" and to Juanita.

"Where is he now?" I asked. "Tonight he's in New York," Willard answered. "I sent him up there—he thinks on a mission connected with the case we're working on—but I really sent him to get him out of the way for a few days until I need him."

"You expect to need him?" I asked.

"Perhaps," Willard answered laconically. "But I was to tell you," he said, "about 'Texas Tiger' and Juanita."

STORY OF TEXAS TIGER.

Then he launched into his story. Except for the characters it wasn't a new story. It was rather an old one.

"Texas Tiger" had been happy on a ranch in Texas. He had never looked covetously on any woman in his life. He loved his cattle, and he had thought all of the love in his nature had been given to them—and to his life in the wilderness.

Then he met Juanita. He met her typically in a dance hall in a typical little Texas ranch town.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

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## Don't Write Letters

Is Advice OF A VERY OLD MAN

A N old man died the other day.

He was a very old man, in the neighborhood of 100 years, and just before he passed away he called his three sons and their families to the bedside, and to his fifteen or twenty grandsons he spoke as follows:

"Young men, I am full of years and experience. I have tasted many of the joys and sorrows which come to the average man. I have prospered and I have suffered, but all the trouble that I have ever had in the world has come from the writing of letters.

A man will put more fool things into a letter than he ever knew were in his head. Writing letters got me into seven slander suits, three breach-of-promise suits, nine injunctions and four involuntary bankruptcies, to say nothing of several marriages that I could have got along very well without.

TELL 'EM OVER PHONE. Whenever I sat down to write a letter I stuffed it so full of insanities that they haunted me for weeks afterward. And I never yet dropped a letter into the mail box that I didn't instantly wish I could dig it out again and tear it up. Tear your letters up before you drop them in and you will be happy and successful and will sleep o' nights.

If you must express your opinions,

tell them over a telephone, make a speech, talk on your hands or do anything else, even learn the wig-wag system—but for the love of your poor, old grandfather, don't write.

This advice is the richest heritage I could possibly leave you. And the old man whose life had been full of trouble, quietly passed away, and the fifteen or twenty grandsons immediately started out and began writing letters.

The letter-writing habit has the hooch and drug habits backed off the boards, and there isn't a habitual letter writer in the world who doesn't put his foot in it at least three times a week.

GETS SLOPPY. If he is writing a love letter he gets sloppy and makes a monkey of himself; if he is writing for a position he gets in some bad spelling and grammar; if he is writing to a friend he brags about himself unduly; if he is writing to an enemy he says something slanderous or libelous; if he is writing to a newspaper he makes some mistake in dates or figures which calls for twenty replies from others who know more about the subject than he does; if he is writing the gas company about the meter he is writing something of which he is densely ignorant; if he is writing to his Congressman he spells the Congressman's name wrong.

It is a safe bet to get a telephone connection, but it is better to wait than to write.

## Prize Cake Recipes

Washington's Best Submitted in Times Cake Contest—Clip Them.

DEVIL CAKE. 1 teaspoonful butter, melted. 1 cup sugar. 1 teaspoonful vanilla. 1/2 cup milk. 1 1/2 cups flour. 1/2 cup milk. 2 yolks egg. 2 ounces chocolate. 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in 1 teaspoonful of water.

To the melted butter add the sugar. Mix thoroughly. Alternately add the flour and milk. Beat. Add the vanilla after this is done.

Grate the chocolate and add it to the milk and beat until well mixed. Put on the stove in a double boiler and let cook until thick. When thick and the first part of the recipe is thoroughly mixed, add this to it.

Add the soda dissolved in cold water to the mixture. Beat well, and put in greased, floured cake pans to cook in a hot oven for about fifteen minutes.

BOILED ICING. 1 cup sugar. 1/2 cup boiling water. 2 whites of egg. 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla.

Put the sugar and water in a smooth sauce pan. Let boil until when dropped from a fork it is a fine thread. Do not stir or beat while cooking. Beat the white of an egg and add the mixture to it, pouring very slowly, beating all the time. Add the vanilla and beat the mixture until thick enough to spread over the cake.—Miss Emma R. Myers.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

For three years I have been going out with a young lady eight months my senior. We love each other very much, but about three months ago her mother wanted an accounting of the money I was earning. After explaining to her that I was not saving, she forbade her daughter to see me again.

She has tried every possible way to convince her mother that I am doing my best, as I am in business for myself for the last two months, but she will not listen.

PUZZLED.

Naturally a mother feels concern as to her daughter's future. Even if you saved only a dollar or two a week, the fact that you were far-sighted and cautious enough to save would reassure the mother.

But if you spend all you make, what happens when a rainy day comes? Can't you have a straightforward talk with the mother and convince her that you have enough prudence and common sense to look after her daughter's future?

German Potash

Potash in Germany occurs in the form of a rock salt and runs in seams of thirty feet or more in thickness. As mined it has about the same consistency as the common rock salt of commerce, and its grinding is easy. The depths at which the true potash deposits are situated make it necessary to sink shafts leading to levels of as much as 5,000 feet below the surface.

## A National Wheat Day

Every day is a "national wheat day." Most people do not eat enough wheat—the food of health and strength. But be sure you eat the whole wheat.

## Shredded Wheat

is 100 per cent whole wheat made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. It is a builder of muscle, brain and bone. Eaten with milk for breakfast it puts you "on your toes" for the day's work.

Delicious for any meal with berries or other fruits. Two biscuits make a nourishing meal.